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more than double that number of Mexicans, men, women and children, and involving this country in a debt, probably of \$150,000,000, has been justly punished, and his ambition crushed, by being set aside as not an available candidate, and General Taylor, the popular hero of his Mexican war, nominated, with a moral certainty of being elected to the Presidency; a man who, however well qualified, never would have been thought of for this high office, except for the Mexican war.

A long protracted war ever has ended, and ever will, in the destruction of a Republican form of government, and in the subversion of the liberties of the people. Such was the case of Republican Rome, and of France in 1793; and, unless the latter most carefully avoids war internally, and with all foreign nations, she cannot maintain her new attempt to form a Republic. War, in the very nature of it, is and must be *despotism*; and the will of the successful commander-in-chief must of necessity be the supreme law during its existence."

WAR ITEMS.

AFTER-SCENES OF BATTLE. — An officer in Mexico, writing to his wife in N. Y., said, "The sight of one battle-field cures one of a desire for military life. If he could see the literal piles of mangled corpses of the slain, some without heads, some without legs or arms, some with their bowels torn open, the ground strewn with the wounded, dead and dying, he would be content with his lot.

The most heart-sickening spectacle I ever beheld, was the Archepiscopal Palace at Tacubaya, converted into a hospital on the day of the battle of Molino del Rey. The floors of the spacious apartments were covered with wounded officers and men, to the extent of many hundreds, who were suffering horrid agonies, while the corps of surgeons were actively engaged in amputating limbs; some of the victims screaming with agony, while others sustained themselves with heroic fortitude. I had occasion to go through the spacious building twice that day, and witnessed many operations. I saw the amputated limbs quivering with life, while the gutters of the court were filled with streams of human blood. It was heart-sickening, and enough to cure any man of a taste for war."

WHAT A CHRISTIAN (!) WARRIOR DEEMS A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT. — Gen. Jos. Lane, in his account of the attack upon Alixco, Oct. 18, 1847, says, "The column was pressed forward as rapidly as possible towards the town; but night had already shut in, giving us, however, the advantage of a fine moonlight. As we approached, several shots were fired at us, and, deeming it unsafe to risk a street fight in an unknown town at night, I ordered the artillery to be posted on a hill near the town and overlooking it, and open its fire. Now ensued *one of the most beautiful sights conceivable!!* Every gun was served with the utmost rapidity; and *the crash of the walls and the roofs of the houses, when struck by our shot and shell,* was mingled with the roar of our artillery. The bright light of the moon enabled us to *direct our shots to the most thickly populated parts* of the town. After firing three-quarters of an hour, and the firing from the town having ceased, I ordered Major Lally and Col. Brough to advance cautiously with their commands into the town. On entering, I was waited upon by the ayuntamiento, desiring that their town might be spared. The enemy state their own loss in this action to be 219 killed, and 300 wounded. On our part, we had one man killed, and one wounded."

Beautiful sight that of bombarding a small town by moonlight, killing 219, and wounding 300 others! How beautiful it would be for an enemy to batter down in this style the citizen-palaces in Beacon or Tremont street, in Bond or Broadway, killing and wounding some twenty or fifty times as many! How fine a sight to behold five or ten thousand little children, and beautiful women, and men young and old, dead in the streets of Boston or New York, or writhing and shrieking in their wounds!! Here, in plain English, are the very things we sent our troops into Mexico to do, and for doing which so many now applaud them, and propose to reward such deeds with the highest civil offices!

And who is this Lane? A savage, a cannibal, a human hyena, that he thus exults in the miseries he inflicts? We know not a syllable of him beyond what this story of his own tells us; but he may, after all, be naturally a humane man, possibly a professed Christian. A Christian! Yes; why not one of the common type? Col. Hardin, who fell at Buena Vista, was an elder of a Presbyterian Church; Col. Child belongs to an Orthodox Congregational Church; even Gen. Taylor *was* a member of the Methodist Church; and a great deal has been said about the Christian character of Capt. Vinton, killed at Vera Cruz. Here is the very kind of Christianity that has prevailed through Christendom ever since the war-degeneracy of the Church under Constantine in the fourth century; but it is as clear as the sun at noon, that *such* a sort of Christianity will *never* teach or permit nations to beat their swords into ploughshares, their spears into pruning-hooks, and learn war no more.

AN OLD WARRIOR AFTER BATTLE. — In contrast with the foregoing specimen of inhumanity, take the following tale of Wellington after the battle of Waterloo. "It was night," says Poynder, "when the Duke of Wellington lay down. He had not found time so much as to wash his face or hands; but, overcome with fatigue, threw himself, after finishing his despatches, on his bed. He had seen Dr. Hume, and desired him to come punctually at seven in the morning with his report; and the latter who took no rest, but spent the night beside the wounded, came at the hour appointed. He knocked at the duke's door, but received no answer; he lifted the latch, and looked in; but seeing him in a sound sleep, he could not find it in his heart to awake him. By and by, however, reflecting on the importance of time to a man in the duke's high situation, and being well aware that it formed no article in his grace's code to prefer personal indulgence of any sort to public duty, he proceeded to the bedside and roused the sleeper. The duke sat up in his bed; his face unshaven, and covered with the dust and smoke of yesterday's battle, presented a rather strange appearance; yet his senses were collected, and in a moment he desired Hume to make his statement. The latter produced his list, and began to read; but when, as he proceeded, name after name came out — this as of one dead, the other as of one dying — his voice failed him; and looking up, he saw that the duke was in an agony of grief; the tears chased one another from his grace's eyes, making deep visible furrows in the soldier's blackened cheeks, and at last he threw himself back upon his pillow, and groaned aloud. 'It has been my good fortune never to lose a battle; yet all this glory,' cried he, 'can by no means compensate for so great a loss of friends. What victory is not too dearly purchased at such a cost?'"

EFFECTS OF WAR UPON INDIVIDUAL CHARACTER.—“Speaking of Mexico,” said the Washington correspondent of the Boston Atlas, last winter, “I am reminded of the great number of young men who are in Washington at this time, who have served as Lieutenants, Captains, &c., in the Mexican war. They are to be seen in the hotels, and are easily distinguished from the common horde of office seekers and dilettanti, who swarm here during the sessions of Congress, by the magnitude and grimness of their mustachios, imperials, and hair in general. Having seen ‘the elephant’ abroad in the wars, they rush here to head-quarters to tell their stories of hair-breadth ‘scapes at Cerro Gordo, Monterey, Buena Vista, and Chapultepec, and to solicit appointments and promotion. From a scene of beastly intoxication, in which one of these young heroes took the chief part, which I witnessed to-day, I fear that their camp life has not, on the whole, improved their morals, or their capacity for useful labor. To a reflecting mind, the moral debasement incident to all war, is one of its chief evils; and the strongest and most valuable part of Mr. Gallatin’s late pamphlet on the Mexican war, is that in which he warns the country of the danger which is likely to befall us from the bad state of morals which wars engender. No one can remain long in Washington without noticing the great number of young men, who from having taken part in the brilliant victories in Mexico, have returned home unfitted for any profitable labor in the peaceful walks of life.

If this war continues for a much longer period, a sufficient number of characters of this class may be thrown upon the country materially to embarrass the action of Congress, and so influence the masses, that the war policy will become the settled policy of the nation; and those of our public men who have the nerve and ability to attempt to stem the war current, will be overthrown, and trampled under foot by the iron-heeled champions of perpetual war!”

MORALS IN OUR CONQUERED TERRITORY.—“We are indebted,” said the Frankfort (Ky.) Commonwealth, “to our friend Col. Tibbats, now civil and military Governor of Monterey, for a copy of the proclamation issued by him, upon his assuming the duties of that office, on the 1st September, 1847. The proclamation declares that the Governor found the city ‘virtually without law or order, and infested with robbers, murderers, gamblers, vagrants, and other evil disposed persons; the worst of criminals going free, unscathed of justice; even rapine and murder stalking abroad in open day without fear of punishment, inasmuch that the peaceable inhabitants thereof have no protection, either of person or property.’ The Colonel gives a very dark picture of the morals of his ‘province;’ but if there is any virtue in stringent laws, and avowals of a determination to enforce them, he will soon have a respectable city of it. He makes a clean sweep of the gamblers, hells, drinking shops, and rowdies, and invites the Mexican citizens who have been compelled to flee from their homes through fear or other cause, to return, with the assurance that they will be protected in all their honest vocations.”

VICTIMS OF THE WAR.—“Gen. Pierce returned to Concord last week, from Mexico. Of the 648 men who composed his regiment, only 120, able for service, remained at the time Gen. Pierce left Mexico. *Who will be answerable for these lives, in the day of judgment?*”

ITS LIVING VICTIMS.—“A few days ago, the editor of the Cincinnati Commercial saw in the streets of that city, five crippled soldiers from Mexico—one without any arms, three with but an arm apiece, and one with a wooden leg.”

"We saw," says the N. J. Fredonian, "a young man the other day, one of a company of *one hundred and ten* that went to Mexico at the commencement of the war, who formed the twentieth part of the whole number that returned alive! All the rest moulder in Mexican soil."

SPECIMENS OF SOLDIERS IN THIS WAR.—It has become a heedless fashion to laud the soldiers of this war; but it would be well to scrutinize their character before we lavish our praises. We copy a few statements from the press on this point.

The Murderers.—"A military commission in Mexico found *Lieutenants* Hare, Dutton, Madson, and *Sergeants* Wragg and Stuart, and *Private* Wall, guilty of burglary and murder."

Soldiers turning villains on their own hook.—"Since peace," says the New Orleans Delta, "has become 'a fixed fact,' numbers of the restless spirits among the troops are deserting daily, and turning guerrilleros. Such a course, they consider, reflects no discredit on the American arms. They argue, that as they have borne the banners of the Republic in triumph from the Castle of San Juan to the Garita of Mexico, and as the army, if not legally, is virtually disbanded, they are justified in resuming their individual rights, and going it on their 'own hook.' A number of dragoons, who deserted at Jalapa, took the road to Huatusco, and were met by an overpowering force of the genuine guerrilleiros, and all captured, save two. What their fate has been, I have not yet learned."

RETURNED SOLDIERS.—"We had a visit on Friday," says the N. Y. Tribune, "from Mr. James Thompson, late a sergeant in the United States Regulars, but now discharged because he was so wounded in one of the battles in Mexico as to disable him for farther duty. He was crippled by a ball through the leg, and had one eye blinded, and his head scientifically laid open by a sabre cut, which barely missed killing him. So, being no longer 'available,' he was sent adrift, with an allowance of *one cent a mile* wherewith to make his way home, and a pension of *four dollars a month* hereafter. The gentlemen who make wars, and tell the country how glorious they are, vote themselves from \$25,000 a year down to \$56 per week with forty cents per mile for travelling, while they vote the men who stop the bullets, and blunt the sabre-edges, *one cent a mile* for travelling expenses, and almost *ninety cents a week* to live on! Glory for ever!"

N. Y. Regiment on their return.—The editor of the N. Y. True Sun, after visiting their camp ground, thus describes them:—"When we reached Fort Hamilton, we were directed to go eastward of the fortifications about a quarter of a mile, where we would find the Volunteers. On our way out, we met several of them straggling along, dirty and ragged, which somewhat prepared us for the sight that met our eyes on our arrival at the Volunteer camp. There were some twenty-five or thirty tents pitched in an area of about an acre, on a large grazing field. A large drove of cows were stationed in the neighborhood of the camp, evidently astonished at the sound of nine ringing cheers from the soldiers. We at once inquired what they were cheering about. The reply was, 'General Storms, of New York, has been down to see us, and left a five dollar bill for the boys to spend for refreshments and tobacco. We have just drank his health with three times three.'"

"We thought the General merited the compliment, and passed into the camp. There were 177 non-commissioned officers and privates mustered

when the returned soldiers reached Fort Hamilton—belonging to companies H, B, E and K—and a more forlorn-looking set of men we never looked upon in a body. They are without money—without decent clothes—shirtless, stockingless and shoeless. Now and then some good natured visitor, like General Storms, leaves them some money to buy tobacco or some little extra; but they are in the main *actually destitute*. Some have a dirty shirt, and now and then a clean one (when they go without to have it washed.) Some have a cap or old hat, and some no covering for the head. There is not a New York street beggar who would take their clothes as a free gift, unless it might be for the brass buttons.”

Massachusetts Regiment.—More than one third of these, though never in a battle, were dead or missing before their return; and, on their arrival, the survivors were in a most wretched condition. From New Orleans to Boston, they were allowed for provisions each twenty cents a day! From all accounts, they must have appeared worse than any gang of strolling gypsies or beggars that ever traversed the land. The editor of the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser, through which city they came, says, “We spent some hours in conversation with these poor fellows, endeavoring to understand the meaning of such overwhelming squalor, want and misery; for we do not exaggerate when we say, that we never beheld its parallel except at the Irish emigrant sheds in Canada last summer. The condition of these poor creatures was outrageously offensive to every human sense, as well physical as moral.” Nor did they improve at all on their way from Buffalo to Boston. “Private Avery,” says the Boston Courier of July 21, “died yesterday; and the sick received no attention, except those who were so fortunate as to have friends who visit them. All are broken, many are destitute; and individual charity and friendship constitute the only succor which has yet been bestowed upon those who have found relief. A cotemporary says of them—‘A more pitiable set of human beings we scarcely ever saw;—with unshaven beards, unshorn hair, ragged and dirty clothes of all shapes, fashions, colors and conditions, pale and sunken faces, and a careless, unambitious saunter. They were truly objects of pity.’ It is to be hoped that all their wants will be attended to before it is attempted to make them figure in any act of glorification.” Another editor says, after visiting their quarters, “We must confess that the condition of the men struck us with astonishment; it was wretched beyond description. Rags and dirt were to be seen in abundance. Scarcely a man had a whole pair of pantaloons on, and none a second shirt. * * Without any offence to the soldiers, we must candidly confess, they are not fit to be seen in the streets of Boston.”

Yet while these poor fellows were thus suffering, their patriotic (!) officers were enjoying themselves at the first hotels in Boston, and Gen. Cushing was honored in Newburyport with a salute of one hundred guns, and what the papers reported as a most enthusiastic reception. Such is war—the poor soldier in rags and starvation, while officers, with their salaries of thousands per annum, carry off all the glory. Yet they got up a glorification, the *military* did, for the reception of these soldiers, many of whom were meanwhile begging for clothes, and bread, and even a

pallet of straw to rest their weary and emaciated limbs! Why not have marched them just as they were, dirty and ragged, unshorn and unshaven, shoeless and hatless, through our streets, and let the people see for themselves how war treats its own agents?

LETTER FROM INDIA.

OUR Society in 1845-6 attempted to furnish every missionary from this country among the heathen, with a copy of our Book of Peace, our series of nearly twenty tracts bound in a volume of more than 600 pages. From these we have received several responses; but it gives us special pleasure to acknowledge and publish the following from a missionary who has been twenty years in the field, and whose testimony and suggestions on the points which he touches, are worthy of the most serious attention of all Christians.

BOMBAY, July 27, 1847.

To the Rev. G. C. BECKWITH, Sec'y of the Am. Peace Society.

DEAR SIR,— Among some books which we lately received from America, we were glad to find a volume, bearing the title of “Book of Peace.” And on opening the volume our pleasure was increased by finding that it was a present to this mission from the American Peace Society.

We are much obliged for this valuable work. I had read some of the articles, &c., in it in different books or as separate tracts or pamphlets, but others were new to me. The whole collection forms a very valuable volume, and on a subject involving the happiness and misery of the human family to a greater extent than any other—the gospel excepted. The publication of this volume appears also to be very timely; and I trust that, in connection with other efforts of the Society, the attention of Christians will be generally excited to the prayerful consideration of this subject.

The war with Mexico, in which our country is now involved, appears to us, and so we believe it must appear to all who contemplate it free from the prejudice and excitement of party, to be extremely unhappy in its origin and in its circumstances—involving great loss of life, much suffering in thousands who are entirely innocent in this matter, and an immense expenditure of money, required for use in various ways for the temporal and spiritual good of the nations now conflicting with each other. This war is producing an unhappy influence on the character of our country in the opinion of other nations. It will have an unhappy influence on the state of morality and religion through the country, while it opens up to view a dark and gloomy prospect for future generations. Our daily prayer is, that God would so incline the hearts of all, that this conflict may come to a speedy termination; and we anxiously watch the arrival of every mail in the hope that it will bring us the news of peace.

I hope the American Peace Society will zealously pursue its object—never more important than in the present state and prospects of our country. The spirit and the end of the gospel—“peace on earth”—furnishes a basis on which the society can rest for the truth of its principles, while the numerous promises in the word of God furnish the strongest encouragement to effort and perseverance. How incredible it would appear—were it not a fact—that nations, who worship the same Almighty being, who trust in the same Savior, and who profess to take for the rule